Comiendo un Mango en Bolivia / Eating A Mango In Bolivia

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Eating A Mango In Bolivia

We are sitting on the corner and it’s hot.
We are dusty,
    tired,
    happy.

Two for one boliviano,
we enter into your yellow, green,
red, white, and blue skin.

Color of sand,
The Yungas spilling over with life,
Color of Chilean marvels,
Color of people.

Slowly,
We peel you
and bite into your flesh-
juicy,
sticky,
wet.

And the nectar of your intoxicating body
covers our chins
and cheeks,
running from our palms
to our elbows.
Where drops of your blood
fall
into the mouth of Pachamama.

We leave the corner
and we are dustier,
happy, alive.

Pregnant
with your seed
in our hands
your soul growing
inside of us.
Comiendo un mango en Bolivia

Sentamos en la esquina y está caloroso.
Estamos polvorosas, cansadas, alegres.

Dos por un boliviano, entramos en tu cascara- amarillo, verde, rojo, blanco azul.

Color de arena, Los Yungas rebosando de vida, Color de las maravillas chilenas, color de gente.

Te pelamos lentamente y mordamos tu carne- jugosa, pegajosa, mojada.

Y el jugo de tu cuerpo embrigadora nos cubre las barbillas y mejillas, corriendo de las palmas hasta los codos,
Donde gotas de tu sangre
cayen
a la boca de la Pachamama.

Nos vamos de la esquina y estamos más polvorosas,
vivas, alegres.

Embarazadas
con tu semilla
en nuestras manos,
tu alma creciendo
por dentro.

-Janet Perles